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B E L L O M O N T È: 37A

O R, T H E

MISFORTUNES OF ANNA D'ARFET.

A N A U T I C P O E M.

WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA, IN 1784,

By CAPTAIN EDWARD THOMPSON,
COMMANDER OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIPS ON THE
COAST OF AFRICA.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:

————— *Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,*

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

VIRG. ECL. I.

Thou, MURRAY, lolling in thy laurel shade,
Enjoy'ft the gardens which thy labours made,
The brilliant ever-greens of Flora's fame:
And every grove resounds thy CONSORT's name.

A R G U M E N T.

BELLO MONTE, the Villa of Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, the British Consul at Madeira, is situate on the Southern Mountain of that delightful Island; which has more natural beauties, and stupendous scenes of rock, vale, and water, than perhaps any other place can boast of. The Poem opens with an Address on Mr. MURRAY's taste in fixing on so fair a spot, and touches on the general fertility and vegetable beauties of Madeira; which gives opportunity to speak of the first Discoverers of the Isle.

ROBERT A MACHIN and ANNA D'ARFET lived in the fourteenth Century. He was not less celebrated for his wit and courage, than she for her noble birth and beauty: But her Parents opposed their union, and married her to a rich Nobleman, who closely retained her in his house, near Bristol, and imprisoned her young Lover. He soon after obtaining his liberty, devised means to procure her escape in a ship for France. But they were no sooner embarked than a tempest arose, which, after tossing them for thirteen days on the ocean, compelled them to land on the Island of Madeira; where they resided under the spreading branches of a beautiful Cedar; and in commemoration of their happy delivery, there erected an Altar to Jesus Christ. They
had

had not long enjoyed this scene of ease and tranquillity, when a hurricane drove their vessel from her anchors, to the Coast of Barbary, with a part of the crew, their companions. This new and sudden disaster so affected the spirits of ANNA, that she was struck dumb with grief, and expired in the arms of her Lover; who, after commending to his remaining friends the interment of their bodies, carved their melancholy catastrophe on the Cross, together with an earnest entreaty to any Christians who might wander thither, to build a Church, and deposit therein their bones.—Then taking leave of his companions, he expired. His friends, agreeable to his request, performed the last kind offices of Nature, and deposited their bodies beneath this tree.

GONSALVO, on his second voyage with his family, fulfilled the prayers of the unfortunate and miserable MACHIN.—He erected a Church of the wood of this extraordinary tree, and dedicated it to JESUS the Saviour; naming the place MACHICO—Which now exists, and in pity of their misfortunes, receives the visits of all wandering Voyagers.

The Poem concludes with an Address to DONNA JOHANNA, a beautiful young Lady, confined in the Nunnery of the *Incarnation* for attempting to marry a youth against her father's consent. Her fate is equally rigid with ANNA D'ARFET's, without the hope of freedom, to risk the chance of better fortune.

BELLO MONTE;

O R,

THE MISFORTUNES OF ANNA D'ARFET.

FAR loftier BARDS have humbler subjects sung,
And sweeter words have flow'd from *Denham's* tongue;
But *Cooper's Hill*, nor *Windsor Forest's* fame,
With BELLO MONTE* can aspire to claim.

B

Though

* BELLO MONTE, in the *Portuguese* tongue, signifies *Fine Hill*.

Though Classic Bards on these have dipt the quill,
 I've gather'd Roses upon *Cooper's Hill* :—
 But *Cooper's Hill* would not inspire the vein
 Of Poesy, to me, like *Denham's* strain.
 Had Bards as chaste these scenes majestic view'd,
 The Verses, like the Theme, had not been rude:
 But here, alas! the Muses never rove,
 Though fairer this than *Aganippe's* Grove.
 Thy Hill, *PARNASSUS*, and thy silver streams,
 The Muse's Fancy, and the Poet's dreams,
 Do not surpass the waters and the woods,
 The lofty mountains, and the boundless floods;
 The various trees which consecrate these shades,
 Or crown the valleys, and adorn the glades!
 And though no *NAIADS* guard the silver rills,
 Or *Fauns* or *Satyrs* revel on the hills;

Nor

Nor PAN, nor old SYLVANUS deign to rove,
 And hang their garlands in this golden Grove.—
 If the gay FLORA, of romantic fame,
 To these fair Florets ne'er bequeath'd a name,
 Their blossoms wither not, nor colours fade;
 They reign and bloom sweet tenants of the shade.
 So far remov'd upon th' Atlantic Main,
 No Muses cross the seas, to tune their strain:—
 And placid *Camoens*,* too, the Country's pride,
 The soothing music of his tongue deny'd.

Rough

* *Camoens* is the only Poet of reputation that *Portugal* has produced. He was a sublime Bard, as well as an adventurous Mariner—or we had never been charmed with the music of his Lyre, in the Poem of the *Lusiad*. But Nature seems to say, it was not only necessary that she should produce so great, so bold, so daring a Sailor, as *Vasca de Gama*—But that she was equally stimulated and compelled, to raise a Poet to record those glorious actions which his mind enterprized, and his hand executed. To Mr. *Julius Mickle* we are indebted for an elegant Translation of this Work, which
 rescues

Rough and undress'd, unpolish'd and unprais'd,
 Like the brown Maidens that her lands have rais'd,
 Long she remain'd—till MURRAY's happier taste
 Dress'd BELLO MONTE on the rural waste!
 And gave a fane to Friendship, Verse, and Love,
 Which future Bards in softer strains may prove.

Fairest

rescues the Poet of *Portugal* from the tattered garb he was compelled to wear in this country, made by *Fanshawe*.

But although we must allow great merit to this nautick Composition, yet we cannot be so highly charmed as to allow him a rank with *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Ovid*; and though he trod on the heels of some sing-song *Italian* Poets, he must bow to the superior Muses of *Britain*. Great merit is due to his fancy, in giving birth to the Vision of the Tempest of the Cape—Few things are superior to the dignity of this passage. But we devote much time and patience, to sail with him through the *Indian* Seas; and fight on the burning sands of *Malabar*.

Some people have hastily said, that Mr. *Mickle*'s Translation excells the Original—This is not saying much for *Camoens*; as Mr. *Mickle* is but a minor Poet of our tongue.—One would imagine the *Scotch* Bard entertained such an idea, when he attempted to seat *Camoens* on the top of *Parnassus*, under the Laurel of the great *Apollo*; but as the first *Julius* fell at the foot of *Pompey*'s statue, the second never rose above the majesty of *Camoens*.

Fairest of all fair Isles, that seas surround—
 With native graces, matchless beauties crown'd!
 Farewell!—ethereal scenes—elysian bowers!
 Deck'd with the fairest trees—the sweetest flowers!
 Stupendous rocks of deep Saint LUCIA's Vale,
 Thy Fiends of solemn Incantation, hail!
 Hail—and farewell! and all the kinder fays,
 Which haunt thy moon-light scenes—and shun the rays
 Of the effulgent Sun!—whose gorgeous beam
 Dissolves their spells as it exhales the stream.—
 Genii farewell! but list the Poet's pray'r,
 And make the Vineyards your peculiar care!
Horace himself, in *Tivoly*, had prais'd
 Thy wines, beyond what his Falernum rais'd.
 MURRAY farewell!—Nor, should elysian gales,
 Soft as thy Confort's breath, attend our sails,

Yet when we bid this flow'ry shore adieu,
 Our sighs alone will bear us far from you!
 Blest Isle, with youths and beauteous Maidens crown'd,
 Where once the sea-beat bark kind anchorage found,
 Which gave two Lovers to thy flow'ry shore;
 And eyes yet clos'd shall weep their story o'er.

In time remote, in our Third EDWARD's Reign,
 The glorious Victor upon *Cressy's* Plain!
 ROBERT A MACHIN, an adventurous Boy,
 A mother's darling, and a father's joy;
 Smitten in Love with ANNA D'ARFET's charms,
 Resolv'd to win the Maiden to his arms:
 For he possess'd a handsome form, and parts
 Which could not fail to gain fair Ladies' hearts.

He

He lov'd, and su'd in such a pleasing strain,
 To list, what Maid, like ANNA, could refrain!
 She heard the love-tun'd music of his tongue,
 And own'd the conquest, while the Lover sung.

Short was, alas! this mutual promis'd joy—
 Her parents scorn'd her marriage to the Boy;
 And forc'd the Maid to give her white, cold hand,
 To a more wealthy Noble of the land:
 Bound him in prison—and bound her a Bride,
 The equal sacrifice of Lust, and Pride.

The Nuptial Knot, the worst of knots, ill made,
 When only tied for folly and parade,
 The Rites completed; and those Rites forsworn,
 The lovely Wife was all in sorrow borne,

To

To the old mansion where her husband dwells,
 Not far from *Clifton* and her silver wells;
 Where, for soft words a Lover sweetly spoke,
 She heard the husband and the dull Rook's croak;
 Yet 'midst the gloom of croaking Aunts and Rooks,
 And feeding sorrow with the saddest books,
 She heard with rapture that her Lover's fate
 Was free!—which calm'd her melancholy state.
 But what the state, where Love's soft dart ne'er sped,
 But forc'd and drag'd within a marriage bed.
 When time was young, this lovely *Helen* found,
 Wher *to* the frigid *Menelaus* bound.
 But *Love*, the active, tender, generous *Boy*,
 Reliev'd her cares, and spread her wings for *Troy*.
 CUPID, not less the friend of MACHIN's years,
 Whose constant sighs kept pace with ANNA's tears,

Rous'd

Rous'd up the Youth from melancholy grief,
 And to his sinking soul propos'd relief.
 CUPID, who acts the Pantomime of Love,
 And can't a trick of folly disapprove,
 If e'er the aged Father weds the Lads,
 Soon makes him horns, and shews them in his glafs:
 So he impregnated our Hero's brain
 With quaint device, his Beauty to regain.

'Twas ANNA's custom, every morn to ride
 Through the green wood, or down the river's side—
 He therefore thought, the humbler servant's place
 Would be the readier means to find her grace:
 His service offer'd, he is hir'd, and tried,
 And a Groom's dress the Lover's form belied.

D

'Twas

'Twas noon of day, within the thicket's shade,
 When he reveal'd his person to the Maid :
 As quick as light'ning he review'd her charms,
 And the first step he flew into her arms !
 Tears, kisses, mutual raptures interchang'd,
 He told the scheme his warmest thoughts arrang'd :—
 That, would she venture on the smooth sea tide,
 He had a ship should bear them far and wide,
 To some kind Coast, where no stern parent's awe
 Should wound that Love, which Liberty made Law.
 To this she yields, without remorse or care,
 And the next morn, the ship receiv'd the pair.
 The Spouse deluded, and the voy'ge begun,
 In brilliant lustre sat the Western Sun.—
 Down *Severn's* rapid stream they turn'd their prow,
 Sweet smil'd the eve, and soft the breezes blow :

While

While gayly sliding through the liquid realm,
 Beauty commands the course, and Youth the helm.
 Regardless of the lurking storm, they steer
 For *France*, when of the rugged *Scilly* clear.
 But the wind rises, and more orient blows,
 And the bark feels the tempest as it grows;
 Dark dismal night her long black mantle spreads,
 And ruthless ruin hovers round their heads.
 The *braces* break, *tacks*, *sheets*, and *bow-lines* strand,
 The sails outrageous, scorn the Sailor's hand!—
 No *points* can reef, alas! no *gaskets* bind,
 They split in ribbands, and they mount the wind.
 The morning lazy limps to lead the day,
 In vain it's kind approach they hail, they pray;
 And when it breaks, 'tis in a fullen fort;
 Their Bark's dismantled, and in fight no port!

In vain they invoke the Gods to spare;
 For Heaven to them seems deaf as billows are.
 Toss'd on the pathless Main, they range at large,
 Without a compass, or a pilot's charge.
 Such adverse fate did sage *Ulysses* prove,
 Depriv'd of *Ithaca*, his crown, his love.
 Yet the kind Gods but punish for a time—
 For Love in Heav'n is never deem'd a crime.
 The Guardian Angel never left their side,
 But sooth'd the Lover and the flying Bride;
 And when long thirteen bitter days were o'er,
 The sun with lustre shone, unknown before,
 And his rays beam'd on this Elysian shore!
 Cœlestial omen of their happy fate,
 Birds came in pairs to gratulate their state;

Perch'd

Perch'd without fear upon each mast and yard,
 And shew'd in song their welcome and regard.
 Ye Gods! what raptures on our Lovers grew—
 Escap'd the sea, and such a shore in view!
 Crown'd with Elysian scenes and Golden groves,
 To make them happy and indulge their loves.

ANNA, whose mind was in a state of grief,
 Found from the flatt'ring shore but small relief:
 Yet heard with joy the proposition made,
 Of the calm shelter of the verdant shade.
 From a dank bark, how sweet the scene was chang'd—
 The Ocean lost, and Paradise regain'd!
 Not our first parents, in their happy state,
 Could show more gratitude, or supplicate

The Gods with greater zeal of heart in prayer,
For such deliverance and protecting care.

MACHIN then took fair ANNA by the hand,
And led her smiling to the promis'd land;
And while his grateful vows to Heaven he made,
He plac'd the Dame beneath the Cedar's shade.—
Not *Eve* more lovely, in the genial hour,
When *Adam* led her to the Nuptial Bow'r!
Here rivers flow'd, and poet's laurels grew,
And flow'ry mountains charm'd the distant view.
Pleas'd and content, with boughs they made abodes,
And nam'd this Tree, their Altar to the Gods.
Blest in themselves, each hour new raptures grew,
For this was Nature, Love, and Eden, too.
Happy they lay beneath the wild tree's boughs,
And with the morning sun gave Heaven their vows;

Entranc'd

Entranc'd they slept within each others arms,
 They knew no mischief, and they fear'd no harms;
 Pleas'd, they look'd down upon the silver bay,
 Heard the loud surf, and saw the mounting spray!—
 With kind ideas ken'd their bark again,
 And blest'd the sails* which bore them o'er the Main!
 But ah! how short, how transient is the joy
 Of human happiness, when fiends employ
 Their diabolic machinations, powers,
 To plant rank weeds, and root up fairest flowers.

And

* The *Portuguese* Sailors offer up the sails of a successful Voyage to *St. Anthony*, and carry them to the Church in holy and festive procession; giving some price to Charity, when they redeem them for a succeeding voyage. *English* Sailors ridicule this as a puling superstition.—More modest and religious men may think it a pious and a grateful acknowledgment to the Deity for their deliverance, and navigable protection. It is often a want of sense and decency in *Englishmen*, to scoff at every Foreign custom, without reflecting, that many of their own are founded in ignorance, and produced in folly.

And where's the man so lucky in his lot,
 Whom all false fiends and Genii have forgot?
 For the good Angel of the happy hour,
 Cannot protect us from their evil pow'r.

Now had the Moon obtain'd her fullest orb,
 Her baneful influence did the mists absorb,
 Which round her front the portent halo spread,
 The certain presage of a tempest dread;
 Signs yet unknown to Sailors raw and new,
 Who had no knowledge, and no danger knew.
 The sulph'ry mountain, whose electric pow'rs
 Stop'd ev'ry flying cloud, and drew their show'rs
 Upon the hard, parch'd, dried, and thirsty earth,
 Which drank the waters, and gave vapour birth;

And

And with the rains collected all the winds
 That fill'd the atmosphere—these NATURE binds
 Within the circle of electric charm,
 Till charg'd, and swol'n too high, they burst in storm:
 Impetuous sweep along the mountain's side,
 And bear down all that dare oppose their tide—
 Thunder and light'ning dire, attendants dread!
 Remorseless burst on their poor sylvan shed—
 Give horror to the scene, and every mast,
 Or stately tree, attracts the fiery blast.
 Ruin and mischief in the storm attend,
 And NATURE shrinks, as verging to her end!
 Birds leave their boughs, and screaming seek the caves,
 But borne from land, rush headlong to the waves:
 Others more strong upon the pinion rise,
 And losing land, they wander thro' the skies,

F

Till

Till worn and spent upon the flagging wing,
 Chance, or good-fortune, some kind ship may bring,
 Whose masts and yards a resting place may lend,
 And prove, like NOAH's Ark, the Dove's last friend.
 Small the poor bird's last hope, no ship to save,
 Faint and worn out, she drops into the wave.
 The winds, the rains, the surf upon the shore,
 The Monster's yell, and the loud thunder's roar,
 Brought ev'ry horror upon ANNA's breast,
 That could in darkness break the human rest!
 In agonies she seiz'd her Lover's hand,
 And call'd the seas less cruel than the land:
 Distress'd, they rush'd within each other's arms,
 The last poor shield from miseries and harms.
 Thus clasp'd together, torn with inward grief,
 No words could give her tortur'd heart relief.

Distress

Distress upon distress to ruin tend—

The woeful presage of a woeful end!

Amidst her conflict, and the war of life,

The mental and the elemental strife,

Thus on her knees to Heaven her hands she rais'd,

And while she wept her fate, the Gods she prais'd!

“ Ye wise, offended Powers, who rule the skies,

“ Who dart the light'ning—bid the tempest rise;

“ Who to the welkin lift the foaming wave,

“ And save the vessel from the wat'ry grave;

“ Hear a sad Penitent's repenting pray'rs,

“ And spare the Wretch whom Love has curs'd with cares!

“ Spare the Companions of her adverse lot;

“ Their fortunes mend, and be her crime forgot.”

She

She laid, and sunk upon her MACHIN's breast,
 So worn with grief, she cou'd not fail to rest:
 She slept, with all that blush upon her face,
 That conscious EVE acquir'd from Sin's disgrace.
 But if as frail—she was at least as fair,
 And, blest'd with all her sense, was curs'd with all her care.

Now had the Sun his burnish'd mantle spread,
 When the sad Lovers left their sylvan bed;
 And, after sending contrite vows to Heaven,
 At once to prosper, and to be forgiven,
 They cast their eyes upon the tranquil Bay
 With anxious hope, their vessel to survey——
 But ah! how slightly were their comforts buoy'd——
 The ship was gone, and all their hopes destroy'd!

This

This ANNA felt with such surpassing woe,
 That her blood chill'd—and ever ceas'd to flow;
 Speechless she stood, lifting her hands to God,
 And sunk, Love's Martyr, on the clay-cold sod.
 On MACHIN yet she fix'd her dying eyes,
 And seem'd to say, "Oh bear me to the skies!"

MACHIN, the cause of all this FAIR-ONE's woe,
 Felt to the soul the sharpness of the blow:
 He fought no poignard's point, no poison's pow'r;
 His death was certain, for the stroke was sure.
 Dissolv'd in tears, then speaking to his friends,
 As o'er her pale and stretch'd out corse he bends:—
 "Ye sad Companions of my cares and crimes,
 " My woes have led ye to these lonely climes—

G

" Oh!

“ Oh! what atonement equal to your claim,

“ Can I propose, or how conceal my shame?

“ What reparation can I make or give?”

They answer'd—“ Calm your mind, return, and live.”

“ Never, Oh never can this broken heart

“ Collect its pow'rs, or draw the bearded dart!

“ Short, very short my vital time will be.—

“ Beneath the Altar, under this fair Tree,

“ Place the two bodies of your faithful friends,

“ Whose loves and lives were hapless to their ends ;

“ And on the bark our sad misfortunes tell,

“ That those may read, who love as true and well.

“ And if in future time some christian feet,

“ By chance should visit this forlorn retreat ;

“ In

“ In pity to our story and our fate,
“ When this inscription shall our deaths relate,
“ Let them, Oh let them give our griefs a sigh—
“ Not live like us, but learn of us to die;
“ And on this hallow'd spot, this sacred sod,
“ Erect a Church to JESUS, SAVIOUR, GOD!”
This said, his soul thro' all life's portals prest;
He sigh'd, he sunk, he died on ANNA's breast!
Her friends, the sad attendants of their doom,
Laid them together in the grassy tomb.

If ever chance, or kind affection, leads
Some tender Lovers thro' MADEIRAS meads,
To this sad spot, where their poor reliques lie,
Oh give their grave a flow'r, their fate a sigh!

And

And while your tears their sad afflictions move,
Nor be as wretched, but as fondly love.

Now TIME his rapid Car at length had driv'n
Full seven journeys round the sun of Heav'n ;
When, by those friends escap'd, the woeful theme
Flow'd in full tide up TAGUS' golden stream.
So fair an Island, and so sad a Tale,
Cou'd but invite to spread the anxious fail.
The bold GONSALVO did the Isle explore,
And for the deed the name of CAMARA* bore.

His

* *Juan Gonsalvo*, on his first voyage, came to a Cave, from whence issued a number of Sea Wolves ; and he named it *Camera dos Lobos*, or, *The Cave of the Wolves*. On the 26th of September, 1433, King DUARTE, in memory of his father *Juan*, and his brother Prince *Henry*, decreed, as a testimony for the discovery of the Isle, and the adventure of the Cave, that *Gonsalvo Zarco* should take upon him the stile and title of *Earl of Camara dos Lobos*, with the arms *sinople* in a tower argent, supported by two Sea Wolves, and charged with a cross Or ; which name and arms the family bear to this day.

His second Voyage, the partner of his fide,
 The fair ALMAYDA, his illustrious Bride,
 With his two daughters,* left their native strand,
 And many Maids of *Lisbon's* flow'ry land.
 Their pious act, when first they gain'd the Isle,
 Was to erect a monumental Pile ;
 And in procession, every year, they gave
 The Rose and Myrtle to their hallow'd grave :
 Which to this time MADEIRAS' Maids prolong ;
 And Bards unborn shall give their Loves a song.
 If their hard fate some wand'ring Muses claim,
 These lines shall not be lost, or least in fame.

And thou, JOHANNA,† chastest, sweetest Maid,
 By Parents injur'd, and by LOVE betray'd ;

H

If

* Helena and Beatrix.

† *Donna Johanna*, a young Lady of youth, wit, and beauty, is the daughter of one of the most noble and considerable families in Madeira. She
unfortu-

If the kind BARD cannot reverse thy fate,
Or free thy Beauties from the Convent grate ;

Still

unfortunately fixed her affections on a youth unequal in birth and fortune to herself, which produced her father's indignation, who forced her to the Convent of the *Incarnation*, where she now remains, a weeping monument of hapless love and rigorous resentment.

However, though her confinement began in 1782, she has yet resisted the Veil ; and all the arts and importunities of the Sisterhood, to leave the world for a monastic life. And to shew her sense of the injustice of the punishment, as well as her abhorrence of the unnatural deception put upon the human mind, she dresses in the gay character of the world ; and with the exterior garments of freedom, weeps the loss of that liberty she cannot regain. Her release depends on the will of the Queen of Portugal, to whom a reference of her case is made ; and she is to wait the royal pleasure, for her discharge or her perpetual confinement within the cold and dreary walls of a mouldering, melancholy cloister.

The following Sonnet was written on the amiable DONNA JOHANNA'S
being forced from Society to a Convent.

Lo ! from yonder Cloister's ruin
Fair JOHANNA waves her hand :
She, poor Maid, for Freedom's suing,
To regain the flow'ry land.

Hear me, ev'ry lovely Maiden,
Sisters of *Madeira's* Isle ;
Come with choicest garlands laden,
To the dreary, mould'ring pile.

Myrtles

Still he can give those charms eternal bloom,
And raise thy name immortal on thy doom ;

Record

Myrtles green, and roses blooming,
Scatter round the holy shrine ;
Your chaste vows, without presuming,
May relent the Powers divine.

Save a Sister sunk in terror,
Withering in her virgin bloom :
Love, fair Maids, was all her error—
Must a Cloister be her doom ?

A few days after writing the above, the following complimentary
EPIGRAM was sent to the Author.

ILLUSTRISSIMO COMMANDANTI EDUARDO THOMPSON

E P I G R A M M A.

INCLITE Commandans, Classem Rege ! Grata renidens
Respuit auxilium nostra JOANNA tuum.
Arma virosque geris, non gaudia dulcis amoris
Conveniunt quæ simul non bene Mars, et Amor,
Et nunc non sævi viget alta potentia Martii.
Solut amor pugnans, omnia vincit amor.
Si que juvare vales Nymphæ nunc ferto levamen,
Si crimen nescis, crimen amoris abet.
Ecce reclusa jacens, te forte ridente, gemebit
Illa manet plorans, per mare lætus ibis.

Record thy Love in never-fading verse,
Which truest Maids shall weep, and Swains rehearse;
And while thy fame and constancy they tell,
Say, with a sigh, "Here fair JOHANNA fell!"
Fell by her Parents' cruel hands—and prove,
That all her crimes were—BEAUTY, TRUTH, and LOVE!

F I N I S.

